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M. Regular communication first and third Thursdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited. Geo. H. Kinkel, W. M., Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

LAS VEGAS COMMANDERY NO. 2

Knights Templar. Regular convocation second Tuesday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. John S. Clark, W. E., Charles Tamme, Recorder.

LAS VEGAS CHAPTER NO. 3, ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

Regular convocation first Monday in each month at Masonic Temple, 7:30 p. m. M. R. Williams, H. P., Chas. H. Sporleder, Secretary.

EL DORADO LODGE NO. 1

Knights of Pythias meet every Monday evening in Castle Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited. I. P. Havens, Chancellor, Commander. W. D. Kennedy, Keeper of Record and Seal.

SALBY LODGE, NO. 77, FRATERNAL UNION OF AMERICA

Meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Chas. Trambly, F. M.; Bertha C. Thornhill, Secretary. Visiting members cordially invited.

REBEKAH LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at the I. O. O. F. hall. Miss Bertha Becker, N. G.; Mrs. Delta Pepard, V. G.; Mrs. F. Daley, Secretary; Adeline Smith, Treasurer.

M. P. O. E. MEETS SECOND AND FOURTH TUESDAY EVENINGS

each month at O. R. C. hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. W. M. Lewis, exalted ruler; D. W. Condon, secretary.

EASTERN STAR. REGULAR COMMUNICATION

second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited. Mrs. Sarah A. Chaffin, worthy matron; Mrs. Ida Seelinger, secretary.

I. O. O. F., LAS VEGAS LODGE NO. 4

Meets every Monday evening at their hall in Sixth street. All visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. George Lewis, N. G.; C. W. McAllister, V. G.; J. Wertz, secretary; W. E. Crites, treasurer; C. V. Hedgecock, cemetery trustee.

FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD, NO. 102

Meets every Friday night at their hall in the Schmidt building, west of Fountain Square, at eight o'clock. Visiting members are cordially welcome. Jas. N. Cook, president; Jas. R. Lowe, secretary.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, COUNCIL NO. 804

Meets second and fourth Thursday, O. R. C. hall, Pioneer bldg. Visiting members are cordially invited. W. R. Tipton, G. K.; E. P. Mackel, F. S.

M. P. O. E. MEETS FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY EVENINGS

each month at Fraternal Brotherhood hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Jno. Thornhill, president; E. C. Ward, Secretary.

REDMEN MEET IN FRATERNAL BROTHERHOOD

hall every second and fourth Thursday, at eight o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially welcome to the wigwag. James R. Lowe, sachem; Waite H. Davis, chief of records and collector of wampum.

M. E. ROSENWALD LODGE NO. 545, I. O. B. B.

Meets every first Wednesday of the month in the vestry room of Temple Montefiore, Douglas avenue and Ninth street. Visiting brothers are cordially invited. Chas. Greenleaf, president; Rabbi J. S. Ralsin, secretary.

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When a man feels the need of some one who will think more of him than he thinks of himself he proceeds to make love to some silly woman.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick of Danforth, Me. "Although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up and all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure liver and kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c at all druggists.

The best seems to be a little too good for some people; at least, they are always looking for the worst of it.

Bowel Complaint in Children.

When six months old the little daughter of E. N. Dewey, a well known merchant of Agnewville, Va., had an attack of cholera infantum. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was given and effected a complete cure. This remedy has proven very successful in cases of bowel complaint in children and when given according to the plain printed directions can be relied upon with perfect confidence. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. For sale by all dealers.

Perhaps a woman loves secrets because of the pleasure it affords her to let them escape.

A Millionaire's Baby

attended by the highest priced baby specialist could not be cured of stomach or bowel trouble any quicker or surer than your baby if you give it McGee's Baby Elixir. Cures diarrhoea, dysentery and all derangements of the stomach or bowels. Price 25 cents and 50 cents. Sold by Centes Block Depot Drug Co.

Should an exactor make an exacting husband?

Delay in taking Foley's Kidney Remedy if you have backache, kidney or bladder trouble, fastens the disease upon you and makes a cure more difficult. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today and you will soon be well. Why risk a serious malady? O. G. Schaefer and Red Cross Drug Co.

HAPPY JACK AND THE SEWING MACHINE AGENT

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

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The Sugar Creek correspondent of the Greenfield News was called by the office force Happy Jack, although none of us had ever seen him.

He was one of a dozen correspondents who sent us weekly letters of neighborhood news. These letters consisted principally, of course, of short paragraphs of local news, mostly of a personal nature. But frequently the correspondent expressed his or her opinion of things, and in this we allowed them plenty of latitude.

We soon noticed that most of them took a rather gloomy view of life, and all of them—except H. J. Lane—were in a chronic state of revolt against the weather. But always with Lane: "Crops are looking good," and "We are having some fine weather this week."

Hence he became to us "Happy Jack."

But there came a change. It was the first week in April that was first noticed. I was running over his weekly letter to strengthen his syntax when an item made me stop and catch my breath:

"Things are mighty dull in this neighborhood this week."

Then a little farther down the page:

"Crops will be rather light this year if the present dry weather continues."

What in the world could be the matter with Happy Jack? It was the very last item that gave me what I thought might be a clue:

"Perry Rider, a sewing machine agent from Texas, is doing this neighborhood this week. He is stopping at Jerry Holman's."

Now I knew that Jerry Holman was the wealthiest farmer in that end of the county, and that he had a daughter who was more than passing fair. Without comment I passed the copy to Charley Green, a red-headed com-

**"Happy Jack is Done For," He Announced.**

positor, who knew human p's and q's about as well as he did those of lead.

There was a soft whistle from Charley, then click, click, went the type for a few minutes. A louder whistle.

"Say, what in thunder do you suppose is the matter with Happy Jack?"

I made no reply, and Charley went on until he came to the item about the sewing machine agent, then he broke into a laugh.

"Happy Jack is done for," he announced positively.

"No, he is not," I replied quickly, wheeling around in the editorial chair (the office was in one end of the print shop). "A fellow who is as punctual, honest and cheerful as Happy Jack is sure to win."

"In a horse trade, maybe," Charley grinned, "but not in an affair like this."

"Let me show you the lay of the land," and Charley laid down his stick so he could take both arms to it. "There sits Minnie Holman on the east porch, dressed in white, with a pink bow at her throat; and ever and anon she puts up one hand, then the other, to push the soft fluffy hair back from her fair temples, the while she gazes dreamily off—away off to where the tender trees clip into the azure; and as she gazes she is wishing somebody would come a-courting, that she never saw before."

"Just at this psychological moment Perry Rider, the knight of the sewing machine, appears. He is five feet six, weight one-seventy, has black hair that meanders down his forehead and ends in a purty little curl. His mustache resembles ravens' wings, and his complexion suggests red blood and Anheuser-Busch."

"His tongue is full-jeweled, pendant set, and run by an automatic hair-spring. He was in Galveston during the flood, in San Francisco during the quake, spends the winter in El Paso, goes to Saint Louey for quiet and rest, and knows Chicago almost as well as the devil does."

"And what is more to the point, he knows exactly how to slip over mighty close to a girl when the whip-poor-wills and hoot-owls begin to call."

"Now what chance has your tall, blue-eyed, grassy-haired, modest Happy Jack against a combination like that?"

"Why, man, Perry will woo, win and wed that girl while Happy Jack runs the brim of his hat through his fingers and wonders what to say next."

"I am backing Happy Jack, anyway," I said stubbornly.

"How much?" dared Charley, whose sporting instinct was touchy.

"Oh, say a banquet for ten at the Elmore."

"Done," he said, and went back to work.

The next Wednesday morning, much elated, I shoved Happy Jack's correspondence under Charley's nose and pointed to the first item:

"We are having some fine weather this week."

A little below there was another:

"Everybody had a good time at the Buckeye Bridge picnic Sat."

Charley was plainly crestfallen, but rallied. "Perry is merely out doing the people this week. He'll be in Saturday night, and then watch out."

I did watch out, and when I opened the next letter from Happy Jack the very first item gave me that spiking sensation:

"We ain't had a good rain in this part for a month. Crops are nearly ruined."

On the next page I read:

"There was a small turn-out at the basket dinner Sunday. People are getting tired of them."

I hung the items on the copy-book and went out before Charley got to them.

In a short time the arrival of Happy Jack's letter became the most exciting event of the week in the News office.

Occasionally he rallied, but things mostly went Charley's way. The weather grew steadily worse, the picnics were nearly all failures, and finally he began to find fault with the road overseer and the government.

It got so that I hated to open his letters. It had passed beyond a joke with me, and I had become so interested in the fellow I felt sorry for him from the bottom of my heart. Perhaps a former experience of my own—well, anyway, I felt for him.

In his letter for the second week in July he inclosed a little personal note, asking if I knew where he could get a good book on etiquette.

I did. I had a six-hundred-page work that told how to do everything from the soda fountain to the altar. It was one of these six-dollar, red-backed affairs that are priced six dollars, but given to editors for 40 cents in advertising. I hurried it to him by the first mail, with my compliments.

But it did not seem to help him one bit. In fact, the more he read it the gloomier he seemed to get, until Charley crowded over me every week. I did not care anything about Charley; it was Happy Jack that worried me.

I knew things were going badly, but I did not know how really serious they were until I received a second inquiry. This time he asked, "Where one could get a reliable detective to look up some one's record."

The next week no items came—the first time in nearly two years that he had missed. But Friday came a pathetic little note addressed to me personally:

"Dear Editor: I guess you will have to get somebody else to furnish you items, as I ain't feeling very well, and am going away for a spell. Much obliged for all your kindness. Your friend, H. J. LANE."

I really believe I did not sleep two hours that night. I had never seen the poor fellow, but I did not need to; I knew him like a brother. Clean, strong, simple-hearted fellow, his very loyalty would ruin him, if he failed. So I wrote:

Dear Friend: Let me give you a little advice—I have been there you know. Don't go off. Stick it out. You are losing because you are trying to play his game. You have been trying to talk and act and be like him. Quit it and play your own game.

He has your bluff so you don't go to see her any more. She may be crying every night because you quit coming. Then he has been going around making sport of you, talking about your manners, and telling things to make the boys laugh at you. But you take it like a lamb.

Now light out this very afternoon and hunt him up, and when you meet him wipe up the road with him. After that go home, hitch up your best team, put on your best clothes, and go after her. Tell her you have come to take her for a drive, and take her. Don't get back until it is dark, and as you go through the bottom, squeeze her up tight (don't mind consequences) and ask her how soon she will marry you.

Notify me when you are engaged, and bring her and a couple of friends up and we will give you the finest banquet ever put up in Greenfield.

The following Wednesday we got a big fat news letter from Sugar Creek. "How is that?" I asked exultantly, showing the first page at Charley, who was trying to read over my shoulder.

He whistled softly at the first item:

"Ain't this the finest weather you ever saw?"

At the second one he groaned:

"Perry Rider, the sewing machine agent, left Monday for Ill. He is not expected back."

"Good-by, Perry," said Charley woe-

fully, "you have cost me two weeks' salary, but I'm glad you are gone, as the weather can clear up a little."

At the last there was a note to me:

Dear Editor: I done it. We'll be up Sat. night. Have it fine, for she's the daisiest girl you ever saw.

Where Shoeblacks Get Rich.

According to inquiries made among the shoeblacks of Ottawa, it would seem that in a good locality a "shutler" can make seven to nine dollars per day. In many cases a considerable amount of this goes in rent, but where, as is common in the case of a bootblack who has his stand in a shoe store, the agreement is that he will purchase all his supplies from the owner of the store, there is a big reduction in this item. The hours are very long—fifteen to sixteen per day.

Figures on World's Steam Power.

A German statistician has calculated that the steam power in present use on this globe is equal to 120,000,000 horse-power. The coal needed to supply this steam for a year would make a freight train extending ten times around the earth.

CRUISE OF THE "ALICE WALL"

As the Alice Wall arose majestically on her man-made wings for her initial flight from Sachomish to Hoboken, bearing the mails, a mighty cheer ascended with her. There were no passengers except two super-numeraries shipped to fill the places of any sailors who should inadvertently desert while leaning over the rail. Kabhau, the noted aeronaut, was in command, but Prof. Thayer had been commissioned by a western university to observe, in the interest of science, the psychological effect of high altitudes upon sea urchins—or the glass vessel containing them.

As the ship rapidly gained elevation, though it seemed not to make much horizontal progress, the crew became alarmed at a rumor that Kabhau had forgotten which way to turn the things that kept her from going too high. She was said to be unmanageable, and in that case would go up, up, interminably; nothing would induce her to turn her nose toward the now-distant nether-ness. Utter panic, alone, deterred the crew from instant mutiny.

Ten hours out, the barometer turned upside down and tried to work that way. The mercury fell, and summer clothing became mere mosquito netting, became spider web, cut decollete, cut peek-a-boo, dwindled into puerile inadequacy.

The two substitute sailors, shivering at the taffrail, passed downward through the rent in the clouds made by the ship's passage, and grumbled. The colossal mistake was dimly visible, though diminished by distance to a petty faux pas.

"This a pitiful cinder from the devil's own furnace," Tim remarked; "but there's nothing I want so much as to be upon that cinder."

"True for ye," Mike rejoined. "Tis no more than three tons of rarefied radio activity energetically diluted with a pint of rectified ether; but I'd give a quarter for it. Why didn't they tie a string to it, so when we wanted it we could draw it up?"

"I was thinking of me fireside," said Tim, "and I want to go home. I've got cold feet, a condition superinduced by the state of the atmosphere, with reference to its relative temperature. All me life I've wanted a sled that would slide up hill, but 'tis glad I am I never had wan. What is life, annyhow? A mere misstep into a trap-shooting machine, and up ye go down to Absolute Zero! Sure, this trip makes me wish I'd met wid a fatal illness when me grandmother was a baby."

"Yis," wailed Tim; "I don't expect to live to tell the folks at home of me sad death in mid-air on the ship that never returned, and I'm thinking I'll write a farewell letter."

"Ah!" said the professor, "speaking of letters reminds me that we must drop the mails, to be forwarded by rail to Hoboken, as we are not making any progress in that direction."

"Is Hoboken in Mars?" Mike inquired.

"No, it's 3,000 miles out, from Sachomish. York state, they call it, or Jersey; but the mails are important."

The professor procured a cork and dropped it overboard. It floated slowly downward.

"Gravity is still working," he observed.

"Bedad, thin, 'tis working backward," said Mike; "we're falling up."

Kabhau and the mail clerk brought out the pouches, and the former looked downward through a pair of binoculars. The clerk held a pouch over the rail, prepared to drop it at a word. Tim gazed wistfully at the "cinder," far, far below.

"Tis a fine shot if they hit it," he murmured.

"Before you drop the mails," suggested Prof. Thayer, "I should like to look through the glass, Mr. Kabhau. My technical training may enable me to tell you exactly or approximately where Hoboken should be, with relation to our own position, if we are straight up from Hoboken."

"Certainly," said the aeronaut, impressed; "take it, and look in at the little end."

"Ah!" said the professor, after a scrutinizing glance; "it is as I anticipated. Owing to the rotation of the earth we have passed Hoboken backward. We shall have to wait till she turns over again, when we can deliver the mail as well as at its original destination."

At that moment Kabhau placed his hand to his forehead, while a beatific expression stole over his countenance.

"I have just thought of a little expedient," he said. "We have been unable to control our elevation because we have forgotten which way to turn the little lever that pulls altitude up or down; but as the lever is so devised as to move in only one direction it now occurs to me to try that way for luck."

A touch, and the ship started home.

Five minutes later the hum of a city was distinctly audible, and it became obvious that Prof. Thayer had erred, for a score of newsboys were shouting:

"Hoboken evening papers! Extra! All about the safe-arrival packet—Alice Wall!"

Mike was rather confused by the excitement of arrival at a foreign city.

"There do be a rumor, Tim," he murmured, "that the Alice Wall have arrived."

In a moment, there was a flash and a concussion. Mike lay sprawling upon the deck, gazing upward.

And there was Hoboken away up above.

WANTS

WANTED—A cook and housekeeper. Apply at residence of Jefferson Haynolds on the boulevard or at the First National bank.

WELL EXPERIENCED clerk or book-keeper requires position with reliable general merchant, on or about the first of August, 1909. Splendid references; just closed out own store; six years experience in New Mexico. Speaks French, Spanish and English. Apply to Chas J. Canling, Taos, N. M.

WANTED—A housekeeper, a maiden lady, age 18 to 25; party will give references. Apply 718 Douglas

MEN LEARN BARBER TRADE—Short time required; graduates earn \$12 to \$30 week. Moler Barber college, Los Angeles.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—5 room furnished house. Inquire 1024 Third st.

TO LET—Furnished front room, with bath. \$81 Sixth street.

FOR RENT—5-room furnished house. Rooms by day or week. Leroy House, 616 Grand. Phone Main 423.

FOR RENT—Three housekeeping rooms; also 2-room house. All newly papered and painted. 921 Lincoln ave.

FOR RENT—Three housekeeping rooms, newly painted and papered. M. Howell, 721 Fourth street.

FOR RENT—Front room with use of bath. 906 Third street.

FOR RENT—One 7 room house, and one 5 room house. \$20 Gallinas.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; electric lights and bath. 710 Grand ave.

FOR RENT—5-room cottage, range and sewer connection. 414 Seventh.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—My little bay driving team for \$165. Inquire 135 R.R. ave.

FOR SALE—Two mares, with colts, horse and gelding. All broke to ride and drive. Apply 911 Third st.

FOR SALE—No. 1 White Wyandotte hens, \$3.00 per doz. Order early and get first choice. Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Melvern, Kan., Osage Co.

FOR SALE—Legal blanks of all description. Notary seals and records at the Optic office.

OLD newspapers for sale at The Optic office, 10 cents a bundle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SILVA and SILVA